

The BLACK BAG

By Louis Joseph Vance

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(Continued.)

After a long time he seemed to realize rather lazily that the carriage door had been opened to admit somebody. He sat up, blinking in confusion, hardly conscious of more, to begin with, than that the train had paused and was again in full flight. Then, his senses clearing, he became aware that his solitary companion, just entered, was a woman. She was seated across from him, her back to the engine, in an attitude which somehow suggested a highly nonchalant frame of mind. She laughed, and immediately her speaking voice was high and sweet in his hearing.

Beneath his breath the bewildered man said, "The deuce!" and above it in a stupefied tone, "Mrs. Hallam!" She nodded in a not unfriendly fashion, smiling brightly. "Myself," Mr. Kirkwood. Really our predestined paths are badly tangled just now, aren't they? Were you surprised to find me in here with you? Come, now, confess you were!"

He remarked the smooth, girlish freshness of her cheeks, the sense and humor of her mouth, the veiled gleam of excitement in her eyes of the changing sea, and saw as well that she was dressed for traveling, sensibly, but with an air, and had brought a small hand bag with her.

"Surprised and delighted," he replied, recovering, with mendacity so intentional and obvious that the woman laughed aloud.

"I knew you'd be! You see, I had the carriage ahead, the one you didn't take. I was so disappointed when you swung up to the door and away again. You didn't see me hanging half out the window to watch where you went did you? That's how I discovered that your discourtesy was unintentional, that you hadn't recognized me—by the fact that you took this compartment right behind my own."

She paused invitingly, but Kirkwood, grown wary, contented himself with picking up his pipe and carefully knocking out the dottle on the window ledge.

"I was glad to see you," she affirmed, "but only partly because you were you, Mr. Kirkwood. The other and major part was because sight of you confirmed my own secret intuition. You see I'm quite old enough and wise enough to question even my own intuitions. For you are going to Queensborough, aren't you, Mr. Kirkwood?"

"Queensborough?" he echoed blankly, and in fact, he was at a loss to follow her drift. "No, Mrs. Hallam, I'm not bound there."

Her surprise was apparent. She made no effort to conceal it. "But," she faltered, "if not there?"

"Give you my word, Mrs. Hallam, I have no intention whatever of going to Queensborough," Kirkwood protested.

"I don't understand." The nervous drumming of a patent leather covered toe, visible beneath the hem of her dress, alone betrayed a rising tide of impatience. "Then my intuition was at fault!"

"In this instance, if it was at all concerned with my insignificant affairs, yes—most decidedly at fault."

"Very well, then! Now, let us see where are you bound?"

Kirkwood looked out of the window. "I'm convinced it's a rendezvous."

Kirkwood smiled patiently at the landscape.

"Is Dorothy Calendar so very, very beautiful, Mr. Kirkwood?" with a trace of malice.

Ostentatiously Kirkwood read the Southeastern and Chatham's framed card of warning, posted just above Mrs. Hallam's head, to all such incurable lunatics as are possessed of a desire to travel on the running boards of railway carriages.

"You are going to meet her, aren't you?"

He gracefully concealed a yawn.

The woman's plan of attack took another form. "Last night, when you told me your story, I believed you."

He devoted himself to suppressing the temptingly obvious retort, and succeeded; but, though he left it unspoken, the humor of it twitched the corners of his mouth, and Mrs. Hallam was observant, so that her next attempt to draw him out was edged with temper.

"I believed you an American, but a gentleman. It appears that if you ever were the latter you've fallen so low that you willingly cast your lot with thieves."

Having exhausted his repertory of rudeness, Kirkwood took to twiddling his thumbs.

"I want to ask you if you think it fair to me or my son to leave us in ignorance of the place where you are to meet the thieves who stole our—my son's jewels?"

"Mrs. Hallam," he said soberly, "if I am going to meet Mr. Calendar or Mr. Mulready, I have no assurance of that fact."

There was only the briefest of pauses, during which she analyzed this, then quickly, "But you hope to?" she snapped.

He felt that the only adequate retort to this would be a shrug of his shoulders, doubted his ability to carry one off and again took refuge in silence.

The woman abandoned a second plan of siege with a readiness that did credit to her knowledge of mankind. She thought out the next very carefully before opening with a masked battery.

"Mr. Kirkwood, can't we be friends?"

"Nothing could please me more, Mrs. Hallam!"

"I'm sorry if I've annoyed you"—

"And I, too, have been rude."

"Last night, when you cut away so suddenly, you prevented my making you a proposal, a sort of business proposition."

"Yes?"

"To come over to our side?"

"I thought so. That was why I went."

"Yes; I understood. But this morning, when you've had time to think it over?"

"I have no choice in the matter, Mrs. Hallam."

The green eyes darkened ominously.

"You mean—I am to understand, then, that you're against us, that you prefer to side with swindlers and scoundrels, all because of a?"

She discovered him eying her with a smile of such inscrutable and sardonic intelligence that the words died on her lips, and she crimsoned treacherously to herself, for he saw it, and the belief he had conceived while attending to her tissue of fabrication earlier that morning was strengthened to the point of conviction that if anything had been stolen by anybody Mrs. Hallam and her son owned it as little as Calendar.

As for the woman, she felt she had steadily lost rather than gained ground.

"So," she said slowly after a silent time, "you are not for Queensborough?"

The corollary of that admission, Mr. Kirkwood, is that you are for Sheerness."

"I believe," he replied wearily, "that there are no other stations on this line after Newton."

"It follows, then, that—that I follow." And in answer to his perturbed glance she added, "Oh, I'll grant that intuition is sometimes a poor guide. But if you meet George Calendar or shall I. Nothing can prevent that. You can't hinder me."

During the brief balance of the journey Mrs. Hallam presumably had food for thought. She frowned, pursed her lips and with one daintily gloved finger followed a seam of her tailored skirt, while Kirkwood sat watching and wondering how to rid himself of her if she proved really as troublesome as she threatened to be; also he wondered continually what it was all about. Why did Mrs. Hallam suspect him of designing to meet Calendar at Queensborough? Had she any tangible ground for believing that Calendar could be found in Queensborough? Presumably she had, since she was avowedly in pursuit of that gentleman, and Kirkwood inferred, had looked for Queensborough. Was he, then, running away from Calendar and his



He became aware that his solitary companion was a woman.

daughter to chase a will-o'-the-wisp of his credulous fancy off Sheerness shore?

Disturbing reflection. He scowled over it, then considered the other side of the face. Presuming Mrs. Hallam to have had reasonably dependable assurance that Calendar would stop in Queensborough, would she so readily have abandoned her design to catch him there on the mere supposition that Kirkwood might be looking for him in Sheerness? That did not seem likely to one who esteemed Mrs. Hallam's acumen as highly as Kirkwood did. He brightened up, forgot that his was a fool's errand and began again to project strategic plans into a problematic future.

A sudden jolt interrupted this pastime, and the warning screech of the brakes informed him that he had no time to scheme, but had best continue on the plan of action that had brought him thus far—that is, trust to his star and accept what should befall without repining.

He rose, opened the door and, holding it up, so, turned.

"I regret, Mrs. Hallam," he announced, smiling his crooked smile, "that a pressing engagement is about to prohibit my quizzing you through the ticket gates. You understand, I'm sure."

His irrepressible humor proved infectious, and Mrs. Hallam's spirit ran as high as his own. She was smiling cheerfully when she, too, rose.

"I also am in some haste," she averred demurely, gathering up her hand bag and umbrella.

A raised platform stood in beside the carriage, and the speed was so sensi-

bly moderated that the train seemed to be creeping rather than running. Kirkwood flung the door wide open and lowered himself to the running board. The end of the track was in sight, and a man who has been trained to board San Francisco cable cars fears to alight from no moving vehicle. He swung off, got his balance and ran swiftly down the platform.

A cry from a bystander caused him to glance over his shoulder. Mrs. Hallam was then in the act of alighting. As he looked the flurry of skirts subsided, and she fell into stride, pursuing.

CHAPTER XV.

SLEEPY Sheerness must have been scandalized that day and its goings and comings have acquired ground for many an uncharitable surmise. Kirkwood, however, was so fortunate as to gain the wicket before the employee there awoke to the situation. Otherwise, such was the temper of British petty officialdom, he might have detained the fugitive. As it was, Kirkwood surrendered his ticket and ran off into the street with his luck still a dominant factor in the race, for, looking back, he saw that Mrs. Hallam had been held up at the gate, another victim of her red tape. Her ticket read for Queensborough, she was attempting to alight one station farther down the line, and, while undoubtedly she was anxious to pay the excess fare, heaven alone knew when she would succeed in allaying the suspicions and resentment of the ticket taker.

"That's good for ten minutes' start!" Kirkwood crowed. "And it never occurred to me!"

Before the station he found two backs waiting, with little to choose between them. Neither was of a type that did not seem to advertise its pre-Victorian fashioning, and to neither was harnessed an animal that deserved anything but the epithet of screw. Kirkwood took the nearest for no other reason than because it was the nearest and all but started the driver off his box by offering double fare for a brisk pace and a simple service at the end of the ride. Succinctly he set forth his wants, jumped into the antiquated four wheeler and threw himself down upon dusty cushions to hug himself over the joke and blew whatever English board of railway directors it was that first ordained that tickets should be taken up at the end instead of the outset of a journey.

It was promptly made manifest that he had further cause for gratulation. The caddy, recovering from his amazement, was plying an indefatigable big whip and thereby eliciting a degree of speed from his superannuated nag that his fare had by no means hoped for, much less anticipated.

(To be Continued.)

In the Wrong Place.

Mr. H. J. Crawford, principal of the Riverdale Collegiate, Toronto, makes the happiest kind of a chairman, and his services, consequently, are much in demand.

Not so very long ago he occupied the chair in an Islington hall where an amateur dramatic company was giving a performance, the proceeds of which were to be devoted to a local church. The dramatic company was headed and organized by Mr. Lawrence Anthes, of the Foundry, a warm friend of Crawford's, and most of the cast were also well-acquainted with the genial, popular principal.

During the first act one of the church officials held a whispered conference with the chairman, and when the curtain fell the latter mounted the platform and addressed the audience. The tones of his resonant voice reached the actors, and, knowing Mr. Crawford's happy knack of saying what he had to say in a way please his hearers, one of the troupe fired off a horse pistol and the rest cheered lustily.

But the applause was not taken up by the audience. Instead there was a moment's absolute quiet, then an hysterical giggle or two, and, almost before the actors had time to wonder why their plaudits fell so flatly, a friend hurried in through the wings and whispered hoarsely:

"Shut up, you idiots! Crawford wasn't boosting your show. He announced that Sister ———, who died yesterday, would be buried to-morrow afternoon!"

Ancient Masonic Apron.

Stipendiary J. C. Townsend of Sydney, New South Wales, has in his possession probably the oldest Masonic apron in that city, if not in Nova Scotia. It is dated 1792 and was the property of John Muggah, who was made a Mason in that year by the military lodge then working in Sydney. The apron is of sheepskin and the device wrought in silk.

A Nice Distinction.

On an occasion when Mr. Gladstone was announced to speak in Manchester the hall was packed and the air was stifling. For some reason it was impossible to open the windows, which were very high, and one had to be broken. It was feared that the noise would startle the audience, and the mayor stepped forward to explain what was proposed.

The audience, however, had not assembled to listen to the mayor and overwhelmed him with cries of "Gladstone!" "Gladstone!"

At last the misconceived and infuriated official restored silence by shouting at the top of his lungs, "I'm not going to make a speech; I've got something to say!"

Crematorium In Demand.

Regret was expressed at the recent annual meeting of the Cremation Society of New South Wales, that the Government had not yet been induced to provide funds to establish a crematorium. The president said there was a very strong desire on the part of many people to have their remains disposed of in this way; and added that he had himself made explicit arrangements for his body to be cremated, even if it had to be burned in a hollow log.

A PEACEFUL IMPERIALIST.

C. A. Magrath, M.P. for Medicine Hat Is No Flag-Flapper.

"In business an employer generally wants his employees to keep their mouths shut, and do little or no talking; in politics, which is the country's business, we are all expected to talk."

A. Magrath, M.P. for Medicine Hat, hasn't been in politics very long, but he has been unable to find out the why of the foregoing statement which he made the other day. He has been in business for thirty years in the west and in politics for two or three years, and he hasn't become reconciled to the change. Some of his friends in the Commons say he doesn't care for politics. Mr. Magrath himself won't admit that he would sooner be doing a political turn than eating a dinner, but at the same time he is one of those men that politicians are looking up to these days. He was sent to Ottawa in the general election of 1906. Of course, every politician claims to have been "sent" or "sent for," but Charlie Magrath, of Medicine Hat, is one of the really and truly "sent." So far he hasn't made more than two or three speeches in the House. Yet he looms as a big man on the Opposition benches.

Out west they have said for years that Charlie Magrath was a good square fellow—a chap who was business from the drop of the hat. Thirty years ago he went west from Pontiac county in Quebec, and he landed in Alberta about 1878, or about the same time Hon. Frank Oliver was getting out the smallest paper in the world at the biggest price somewhere in the west. Magrath did survey work, became connected with irrigation and railway interests, and made a little money, being for years manager of the Alberta Coal & Railway Co. at Lethbridge. No, he is not a millionaire, far from it; but he made enough to keep him from asking for an old-age annuity.

Physically Mr. Magrath is a big man, a little stooped from the weight of an overly heavy share of the burden of Canada's west. He's got a heavy handshake. His hair and moustache

GRACE BEFORE MEALS.

A Prayer That Was Retrospective as Well as Prospective.

Most small boys—and many other people, too—have experienced the mortification that comes from beginning a meal before the blessing is said. The usual reason for such a breach of etiquette is that the small boy—or the other person—did not know that the blessing was going to be said. The awkward feeling that is sure to follow such a blunder cannot be helped, but it may be mitigated. On one occasion, says Mr. Adlai E. Stevenson in "Something of Men I Have Known," a gentleman at a formal dinner, being very hungry and exhausted, made this mistake of starting in before grace.

After the blessing was asked, he turned to Mr. Knott and said: "I am humiliated at my conduct. I should have remembered that Presbyterians always say grace before meals."

To this Knott replied: "You ought not to feel so. That blessing of Dr. Bullock's was broad and general, in large measure retrospective as well as prospective. It reminds me of a little incident that occurred on the Rolling Fork."

An old time deacon down there was noted for the lengthy blessing which at his table was the unflinching prelude to every meal. His hired man, Bill Taylor, an unconverted and impatient youth, had fallen into the habit of commencing his meal before the blessing had been fully invoked.

"The town and the rebuke of the good deacon were of no avail in effecting the desired reform. Righteously indignant, the deacon, in a spirit possibly not the most devout, at length gave utterance to this petition:

"For what we are about to receive and for what William Taylor has already received accept our thanks, O Lord."

"Knott," said one of the guests, "you are the only man on earth who could have thought of such a story at just the opportune moment."

The temporary depression vanished, and the premature guest was himself again and was soon the life of the assemblage.

AN ATHLETE BARRISTER.

"Pat" Manning of Winnipeg Is Veteran of Three Lines of Sport.

Mr. R. A. C. Manning, a well-known Winnipeg barrister, has been selected chairman of the Manitoba Beef Commission which has been appointed to investigate the whole problem of the establishment of a municipal abattoir and public market for the west. Mr. Manning, who has been solicitor for the Western Live Stock Association for several years, has been a prominent figure in western sports and politics.

"Pat" Manning, as he is better known in Winnipeg, is a "rara avis" in the Manitoba capital—a native-born. During his younger days—he is now barely thirty—he was one of the best known athletes in the west. He has an enviable record, for there are few men who have figured in three championship teams. As a hockey player, he was one of the best the west ever produced, and figured in the line-up of the famous Victorias, holders of the Stanley cup in the days before the arrival of professionalism. He was also an enthusiastic and brilliant oarsman, one of the best Winnipeg has ever had. He was a member for years of the Winnipeg Bowling Club's championship crew, and time and again figured in the eastern trips of the western crews. Not content with these two sports, he also took up with vigor Rugby and had much to do with the founding of the game in the west. He was captain for several years of the Winnipeg Rowing Club's Rugby team. Mr. Manning has always been an ardent supporter of amateur sport in every form.

A few years ago "Pat" entered municipal politics and was elected alderman for his ward, serving two years. A year ago he ran against W. Sanford Evans for mayor and met his first defeat. He has been a prominent worker for the Conservatives in elections and has been even spoken of as a possible candidate.

THE FIRE RANGER.

Time Is Coming For Him to Resume His Woodland Shack.

The early departure of winter and the premature coming of the warm winds and sunshine mean early work for the Government fire-ranger in those vast forest reserves of northern Ontario. The great color which is now beginning to creep over the woods and plains of old Ontario as a result of the rejuvenating forces of the springtime is absent in the new land to the north. There the mosses and fibrous undergrowth, from which spring wide stretches of virgin pine, will soon be brown and sear under the drying influence of these early spring days, and the demon fire will be ready to find his prey amongst such inflammable material. Larger than ever will be the force of rangers this season to go as fire-fighters, and as protectors of the country's valuable heritage in New Ontario. These worthy officials will begin to seek their lodgings in the wilderness of lake and forest this month, and will remain there until the frost and snow come again in the late autumn. The pair of youths on the job patrol the particular route which is their chief care during their months of office. They carry all personal and household effects with them in their canoe, and, being lightly burdened, they travel quickly, preserving the peace of the forest land. Amongst the American tourists who infest the Ontario reserves, the representative of the Government is known as "that ubiquitous fire-ranger." The life of the ranger is one of mingled pleasure and pain, and, on the whole, is very agreeable. Hardship and dangers which are incident to a lonely existence in the wilds are more than counteracted by the joys derived from a perfectly natural life amidst surroundings that have none of the touches of "the strenuous life" of towns and cities.

The Heckler Won.

At the Canadian Club in Toronto the other day Rev. Dr. J. A. Macdonald told a story which he heard from Hamar Greenwood at the banquet to Premier Asquith in England last summer. Greenwood had been heckled beyond endurance at a meeting of the professions, where he was fortified in the accustomed way by a sympathizer in the audience finally called out to Greenwood:

"Don't mind 'im. 'E's no good, 'E let 'is wife go the work 'is today."

The drunken heckler was equal to the occasion.

"Don't you blame me, guv'nor, till you see 'is misus'."

Dr. Macdonald declared that the land question was at the root of all Britain's economic troubles. With the land so limited and the people so many it would require the utmost wisdom in economics to divide it fairly, instead of wisdom there had been folly colossal for centuries past.

An Engineer In a Studio.

Of Sir Edward Poynter, to whom the King is giving another sitting for his Academy portrait, a good story is told. While painting his first success, "Israel in Egypt," which represents a crowd of Israelites dragging a huge statue of a sphinx across a desert, Sir John Hawkshaw, the famous engineer, looked in and, after puzzling Sir Edward considerably by dotting down figures on a scrap of paper, exclaimed, "My dear fellow, this will never do; the weight of the sphinx is not so much, but your Israelites are not developing nearly enough horse-power to drag it! You must double the number of your Jews." And so he did.

Daughter of India's Viceroy.

Lady Charles Fitzmaurice, who is well remembered in Canada, was Lady Violet Elliot, youngest daughter of Lord Minto. Her marriage, which took place in India, was a very grand affair. Her husband, Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, is a son of Lord Lansdowne, and has also resided in the Dominion. Lady Charles has a little daughter whose christening took place the other day in London when several important people stood as sponsors.



King George V.—Born June 3 1865, became King May 6, 1910

are quite grey, but his eyes are clear, and his face is free from those north and south wrinkles; all of which denote that he never let his work get on his nerves. He quit making money because he did not want to be wealthy, and did not want to bother with a distribution bureau if his conscience troubled him. Of course, a man of his energy couldn't live in southern Alberta doing nothing, so they sent him to Parliament. He has not done anything very sensational on Parliament Hill. He is not likely to, but somehow or other when you look at him you know he's going to count for more than his vote.

If Mr. Magrath hadn't been fortunate enough to receive a mathematical training in his youth he might have been a poet. He has a streak of poetry somewhere, even though he keeps it bottled up because the busy west is not very strong on poor poetry. However far the poetry idea may be from the facts, it is very true that Mr. Magrath is an idealist. He can picture the greatest of pictures for Canada, but his mind's picture of the coming Canada does not consist altogether of a money-making and a money-making people but a nation strong in all the virtues.

"I am an Imperialist," he told the writer in a burst of confidence when that subject was broached one day, but he added, "Not of that sword-waving flag-flapping kind."

To me that a United British Empire can do much toward preserving the peace of the world. That is something worth striving for. Therefore, if for no other reason, Canadians should do all in their power to strengthen Imperial ties. If we Canadians want to help the coming of the world's peace we can do it by being ardent Imperialists."

How She Escaped.

Pauline, who had been attending school for almost two weeks, was telling of the misadventure of some of her little classmates. At her mother's question as to whether it had ever been necessary for the teacher to speak to her Pauline answered quickly, "Oh, no, mamma." Then, "She had to speak to all the class but me this afternoon."

"Why, what did she say?"

"Oh, she said, 'Now, children, we'll all wait until Pauline is in order.'"

Lost Opportunity.

"And you didn't hear of it?" inquired Mrs. Gabbie.

"Not one word."

"Why, I've known it for a week, so I supposed everybody heard of it."

Even Up.

She (termly)—I heard a noise very late. He (frantically)—Was it the night falling? She—No, it wasn't. It was the day breaking.—Baltimore American.

WRECK OF "COLBORNE"

FAMOUS DISASTER OF 1838 COST FORTY-THREE LIVES.

Only Twelve of Vessel's Company Ever Touched Land Again—Two Hundred Thousand Dollars in Specie Went Down and an Immensely Valuable Cargo of General Merchandise.

Throughout the two old provinces of Canada there was in the year 1838 no name better known or more frequently mentioned than that of Sir John Colborne.

The uprising against the Government that had broken out in 1837 flared up again in the following year, and Sir John, as commander-in-chief of the forces in Canada, was the man of the hour.

Before his military operations the flame of insurrection was soon stamped out, although it has been charged that on some occasions he was unnecessarily severe.

However, that is not under consideration here.

In order that he might have a table service in keeping with his high position, and style of living, he caused to be sent out from England a valuable collection of silver plate, and by a rather remarkable coincidence the plate was shipped on a vessel that bore Sir John's name, the Colborne, of Hull, England.

The Colborne was a barque of 350 tons, commanded by Captain Kent, an experienced seaman. During August, 1838, she took on her cargo at London, and considering the smallness of the vessel, it was one of the most valuable cargoes ever shipped out of the Thames, consisting of general merchandise, wines, spirits, sperm oil and spices.

Besides this Sir John Colborne's valuable plate, a large collection of costly ornaments for churches in Lower Canada and \$40,000 in specie in boxes, each box containing one thousand sovereigns. A large portion of this money belonged to the Government, and much of it was intended to be used in paying the troops in Canada. Some of the gold was for the Canadian bank.

The crew of the Colborne consisted of seventeen men, and besides the crew there were thirty-eight passengers. Among the passengers were a number of British officers going out to join the forces in Canada, and their wives and children—Capt. Jas. Elliott Hudson, his wife, five daughters and four sons; Mr. Wm. Walker, of the Royal Navy, brother-in-law to Capt. Hudson; Capt. Buckle and wife, and others of like rank. A number of Canadians were also on board—Mr. W. Scobell, of Hamilton, Ont.; Mrs. Wilson, of the same place; Mrs. Keast, of Toronto; Mr. George Manly, deputy sheriff of Quebec, and others.

The passengers were, with few exceptions, persons of means such as to-day are to be found in the first-class cabin of an ocean liner.

On August 30th the Colborne sailed from London.

The wind was favorable, the Colborne quickly passed down the Thames, and was soon at sea buffeting with the waves of the Atlantic with her bows turned towards the distant shores of Canada.

The Colborne never again entered port.

She reached Canada, but only to be stranded on the rock-bound coast of the Gaspesian peninsula.

Of the fifty-five souls who sailed on the Colborne out of London harbor, only twelve ever set foot on land again, and the greater part of her cargo of gold and silver plate and valuable merchandise went with the forty-three victims of the wreck to the bottom of the Bay of Chaleur.

On the night of October 15th, forty-five days after sailing from London, the Colborne was well in the Bay of Chaleur and close to the Gaspé coast.

Her destination was Quebec, and, therefore, instead of being in the Bay of Chaleur, she should have been passing up the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

That she was so far out of her course showed that a fatal and inexcusable error had been made in the reckonings.

As night came on the Captain sighted a light which he said was on Anticosti Island in the Gulf.

"I strongly maintained to him," said one of the survivors in relating the tragic story of that awful night, "that at that time no such light was kept up."

"The light seen was probably on Mount Asne, at Percé."

"Therein lay our trouble."

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TOWN AND DISTRICT

Victoria Day.

Remember the auction sale on Saturday, May 14th.

The Namaka station has been moved a block westward.

V. Smith was here on Tuesday from Indianapolis, Ind.

W. Houston, of Ashcroft, B. C. arrived in town Monday.

Chief E. Stevens has the most handsome residence in Namaka.

Mayor Brown returned to Namaka on Sunday from Portland.

J. Riddell and O. Mathews of Bassano spent a couple of days in town this week.

E. Kirstake and J. W. Lind were over from High River the first of the week.

Namaka has a baseball nine that will surprise some other teams when they meet them.

W. H. James, manager of the Gleichen Trading Co., left on Monday for Winnipeg on a business trip.

A number of Cree Indians have been hunting along Red Deer river and captured four timber wolves and four wolf pups.

It is stated that several cottages are to be built shortly to rent. It should prove a good investment and a good thing for the town.

Strathmore baseball enthusiasts are anxious to come down and whip the Gleichen team. And they will do it unless you get busy, boys.

The Gleichen Horse Repository is now open for business and by next week we hope to produce something interesting concerning this modern institution.

A memorial service for the late Mrs. Burn will be held in the Methodist church next Sunday evening, May 15th, at 8:30. All are invited to attend.

The Call staff is now quite happy and can promenade the full length of the block without coming in contact with the soil that has made Gleichen famous.

Mrs. Spurr, who has been ill at the Calgary hospital for many weeks, returned to Gleichen last Thursday, and although, still far from well is improving nicely.

At the liquor license commissioners meeting in Calgary the Gleichen and Palace hotel license were renewed, although several hotel men in other towns were not so lucky.

A. R. Goldie, of the firm of Goldie & McCulloch, the well-known sale manufacturers of Guelph, Ontario, spent several days of last week visiting his sister, Mr. T. Gilson, at Blue Spring ranch.

Frank Robertson, had his stean plow outfit in town a couple of days this week. Frank ought to blacken a lot of the Queenstown district with such a fine outfit this season.

Entries for the auction sale at the Gleichen Horse Repository next Saturday are coming in at a good rate and it is expected it will prove much better than the first sale.

Building operations are retarded somewhat at present owing to the difficulty of getting some classes of lumber. In some cases the mill in British Columbia are at fault and in others the railways.

Chief Wakefield started work Monday on his contract for the new sidewalks from The Call office west along Gleichen street and north up Fourth Ave., which adds materially to the appearance of this end of the town.

With reference to the incorporation of Gleichen into a town, everything seems to be moving satisfactorily to that end. An official note has been indirectly received by Mr. Griesbach, from Acting Deputy Attorney General A. Y. Blain, stating that the petition and papers relating to the said incorporation have been examined by the Lieut.-Governor-in-Council and found satisfactory, and is receiving immediate attention.

On Tuesday morning the snowstorm that our farmers and ranchers have been asking for the past month set in and although the snow did not lie upon the ground it became slushy and was of sufficient quantity to give the soil the thorough soaking that it required. Many think it strange that our agriculturists prefer to see snow at this season of the year and question the wisdom of the wish. They, however, have learned rain too often runs off down the gentle slope of the country too quickly, whereas snow lies and soaks the ground thoroughly.

The baseball players are numerous and there should be no trouble in selecting a winning team for the league.

Chief Wakefield gave his fire brigade a practice run Monday evening, and the boys made good time from the Hall to the corner of Fourth avenue and Crowfoot street. He had them then return and put on their full regalia for the first time in a second run. The new regalia consists of twelve rubber coats, helmets, goggles and respirators. They are justly proud of their equipment, and it will prove of great advantage to them when called upon to fight fire.

Gleichen's Meteorological Report

The following weather report is supplied by F. H. Blackburn, who is officially appointed by the Dominion Government:

	Max.	Min.
May 4.....	71	35
5.....	76	40
6.....	80	39
7.....	76	40
8.....	60	39
9.....	56	35
10.....	50	32

One Chinaman to Alberta

An Ottawa despatch says that cheques have been sent out by the Dominion Government to various provinces covering their share of fifty per cent. of the amount collected on account of immigration for the fiscal year, which closed March 31.

The amounts which the various provinces received are as follows: British Columbia.....\$856,200 Quebec.....209,500 Ontario.....1,500 Nova Scotia.....250,500 New Brunswick.....1,750 Alberta.....25

The total of \$813,000 was made up of \$307,000 collected from 1614 Chinese who paid \$500 each and \$506,000 made up from fees collected from Chinese registering on leaving Canada for one year as provided for by the act. This is the largest revenue collected by the Commissioner of Chinese in the history of the immigration over the previous year, being slightly less than \$100,000.

The total number of Chinese to enter Canada last year was 2312, an increase of 296 over the previous year. Of these 638 did not pay taxes, being the wives and children of merchants residing in Canada.

MISCELLANEOUS

Small Ads under this heading cost 20 cents for first insertion and 10 per month, where more than one item is included an additional charge is made. Failure to observe the above is given with each order and are left in until ordered out and charged for in full.

REWARD—For the recovery of a boy, 10 years old, white hair, on face, scars on forehead, also a scar on back. Had better or when last seen south of Hwy. Apply to G. H. Robinson, first aid.

FOUND—A small silver watch and leather bracelet. Owner may have same at the C. I. Office by proving property and paying for this ad.

REWARD will be given for information leading to the recovery of Ray Sadleir horse branded 74 on left shoulder. Apply H. J. Richardson, Blooming Prairie, Alta.

MAN WANTED to work on Farm; also two good riders to look after cattle. Apply to Call office.

HORSES FOR SALE or will trade for unbroken land. These horses range from yearlings up to mares in foal. Apply to J. M. Telford, Gleichen.

FOR SALE—One Carload of Oats, best quality. Address Geo. S. Cuffe, Arrowwood, Alta.

TO RENT—50 Acres of Plowed Ground, breaking, for Cash or Grain Payment. To be secured in oats or wheat, also John Deere gang plow for sale. L. P. Grady, adjoining E. E. Bennett's farm, Gleichen.

STRAYED—Four Horses—Grey gelding about 1400 weight, branded HJ on left shoulder. Grey mare, weight about 1200, brand HJ on left shoulder. Grey gelding, about 1100 weight, branded JH on right hip. Bay Face Bay, with white legs, weight about 1100, branded HJ on left shoulder. All had halter on. \$10 Reward for information leading to their recovery, or \$20 for return. Apply to W. J. Gilson, Strathmore camp, about 2 miles from the mouth of Sarveyberry Creek.

STRAYED—Roan gelding, one-year-old, and bay mare, two years old. No brands. Apply to David Robertson, Queenstown.

STRAYED from Sec. 32-1-21 one blue roan Pony gelding, branded WJ (do not) right thigh. Finder please communicate with the Call office.

STRAYED—Team of bay geldings, both branded HJ on right thigh and vented HJ on right shoulder, weight about 1200. \$10 reward will be given for information leading to recovery of same. Strayed from Sec. 16-19-20 Ben Hagg, Queenstown.

BOY WANTED—about 16 or 18 years old. Good wages, room and board; references required. Cigarette smoker not wanted. Apply to P. Call Office.

TO RENT—Six-room House, with garden of five lots. Apply, F. Call Office.

WANTED—Good Smart Boy with some knowledge of bookkeeping, willing to work. Will pay good wages for right person. Apply B. Call Office.

STRAYED—Grey mare aged 4 years, from my camp at Big Bow Bridge, on Sunday night, March 27th, branded C, left shoulder. Information sent to J. S. Reynolds, Bassano, or C. Hartsch, Sarnia Livery Stables, toward \$2.

FOR SALE—25 bushels seed flax. W. Hayes, 4 miles north of Gleichen.

FOR SALE—300 bushels seed potatoes. \$1 per bushel. John Clark Jr.

WANTED—1 to 2 sections of land to break and disc and also seed if necessary. Communicate with H. M. Jacobson, Brant.

TO LET—Blacksmith and carpenter shop on 4th Avenue. Possession April 24th. John Clark Jr.

METHODIST CHURCH SERVICES

May 15—Presbyterian Service 11 a.m.
" " Methodist " 7:30 p.m.
May 22—Methodist " 11 a.m.
" " Presbyterian " 7:30 p.m.
May 29—Presbyterian " 11 a.m.
" " Methodist " 7:30 p.m.
Union Prayer Meeting is held every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.

McCammon & Ramsay's

Ladies' Waists and Skirts

Selection and Values describe our Splendid Spring Showing of
Ladies' Ready to Wear

WAISTS SKIRTS WHITEWEAR, Etc., Etc.

Anticipating the Summer needs of our Customers we have Stocked more than a Usual Supply of these Goods.

Eclipse Whitewear

Is the Standard Make of Canada. Our Showing of Waists, Gowns, Corset Covers, Drawers, Aprons, etc., etc., is complete.

HELENA SKIRTS in all the Newest Cloths comprising Panama, Sicilian, Lustras, and Serges. Prices \$4.00 to \$12.00
Three only—Ladies' Sample Waist Suits. Shades—White, Green and Blue. Priced to Sell Quick at \$13.00
Ladies' Wrappers in Cotton and Zephyr Gingham, \$1.50 each.
Ladies, all over, Gingham Aprons, 75c. Lawn Aprons, embroidery trimmed, 35c. and up
The Famous E. T. CORSETS always in Stock. Prices \$1.00, \$1.50 and up. Ladies' Hosiery in Big Selection, 15c., 25c., 35c., 50c. in Cottons, Lisle Thread, fine Cashmeres, etc., etc.

Millinery

Is one of Our Busy Departments. Miss BURN'S is receiving New Express Shipments every Week, of new Trimmings, Shapes, etc., etc.

Goods Freely Shown

McCAMMON & RAMSAY

The Call's loose leaf system fits all binders and costs the same as in the east.

Massey-Harris Binder, the world's favorite, has a frame built like a bridge.

W. H. Gordon of Medicine Hat spent a few days in town the past week.

The Rev. Mr. Rennie preached a sermon on Sunday evening that made some of the congregation sit up and take notice. He touched on some of the things existing in Gleichen, that are not quite in accord with the scriptures and the laws of the country, and stated that he was going to continue his discourses

along these lines until they are remedied. A man who expresses his honest opinions is always to be admired, although it is frequently a difficult matter to get the people of this western country to follow the views set forth, and it is still more difficult to get them to act upon them, for the reason that we have a cosmopolitan people and few care to interfere with the ways and characteristics of their neighbors so long as they do not interfere with themselves. Mr. Rennie has laid out work for himself that may take considerable time to accomplish, and if he succeeds will accomplish more than all his predecessors in the past twenty-five years of work.

Let us show you The Call's loose leaf system in use at this office. It is complete, inexpensive and can be renewed at any time.

Massey-Harris Great West and Imperial Gang Plows are what the farmer needs.

Push our town along.

Corby, Walker, Dewar, Jamieson, Seagram, Hennessy and a few more like them are responsible for more agitating and trouble than all the other forces combined, and yet not a hand, not a voice, not even a resolution is ever raised against them, except perhaps, for a few moments along about the first of year.

IMPROVED FARMS

We have some
EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD BUYS

Which we will be pleased to show
Intending Purchasers

and there are a number of them so Good that Intending Purchasers should

NOT MISS SEEING THEM

We Will Quote Here a Few of Them:

1280 Acres, 4 miles from Cluny, being 2 nice level Sections, which are extremely hard to beat, there is 900 acres of crop on this, and all good new buildings, including 8 roomed house, good barn; and granaries, also pump and windmill at \$40 per acre.

160 acres, 5 miles north of Gleichen. 105 acres in crop all fenced at \$40.00 per acre. The crop will go a long way towards paying for this.

We also have some unimproved Farms at \$20.00 per acre and 25.00 per acre. These Propositions are close in.

McKie & Henderson

FIRE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE. NOTARY WORK. LOANS